

BUGLE AND DRUM.

The Surrender at Appomattox—Gen. Forrest's Achievements.

By GEORGE DALLAS MOSKOV.

The Sword of Lee and the Old Apple Tree.

"From his scabbard, all in vain, Bright flashed the sword of Lee!" Since the furling of Dixie's tattered banner at Appomattox, writers of prose and ballad have recited and sung a bit of fiction which has been given credence, North and South, as historical fact. I refer to the story that Lee surrendered under an apple tree, and that as a token of his submission he offered his sword to Grant, who magnanimously declined to accept it. There was no surrender under an apple tree, and the sword episode is mythical—a bit of fiction that pleases the fancy of writers of romance and inspires ideal pictures in imaginative minds of poetic tendency.

After the Fort Donelson surrender Grant treated Buckner with generous courtesy; at Appomattox he treated Lee with distinguished consideration. Lee and the remnant of his army—that army which an admiring Union officer called "the incomparable Infantry of Northern Virginia, with bare feet and tattered uniforms, but bright muskets"—were in the "last ditch."

and engaged in cotton planting, and in one year, 1860, sold 1,000 bales of cotton. The following incident will serve to illustrate Forrest's indomitable courage and superior will power: When he was a member of the Board of Aldermen of the city of Memphis, a mob composed of several thousand enraged citizens undertook to lynch a murderer. The Mayor besought Forrest to interfere, possibly, rescue the wretched victim from the hands of the mob. Alone, with no other weapon than a knife, Forrest pushed through the crowd, cut the swinging victim down, and dragged him to the jail, fighting off the mob with his gleaming knife.

When the war broke out the enterprising and successful business man hastened to the front, and was promptly enlisted as a private soldier in the 7th Tenn. Cav. A few months later he raised a regiment. In disguise he fought at Louisville, Ky., and purchased arms and equipment for his men. He then performed some active service in Kentucky, while Albert S. Johnston was holding the line of the Green River. At Donelson he distinguished himself, his command fighting mounted. He was present at the

Here a somewhat amusing incident occurred. The Federal commander, Gen. Washburne, was chased from his quarters at dawn, and, not fully dressed, fled to the fort below down on the river, leaving his papers in Forrest's hands. Gen. Hurlbut, commenting on the Federal commander's misfortune, said to him: "They removed me because I could not keep Forrest out of West Tennessee, and now Washburne cannot keep him out of his bedroom."

Assuming the aggressive, Forrest organized a formidable expedition, and in September moved into Middle Tennessee, where he performed some of his most successful and brilliant exploits—capturing or disabling some 3,500 Federal troops, 3,000 stands of small-arms, and eight pieces of artillery. He destroyed 100 miles of railroad, a number of block-houses, and brought out 1,000 recruits, recrossing the Tennessee River Oct. 9. Subsequently he captured several gunboats and transports on the Tennessee River near Paris. At Johnsonville he performed a similar feat—"A feat of arms," says Gen. Sherman, "which I must confess excited my admiration."

Gen. Forrest led Hood's advance and covered his retreat in the ill-starred Tennessee campaign. He probably saved Hood's army from being utterly destroyed north of the Tennessee River. In that campaign Forrest's cavalry fought continuously from Nov. 20 to Dec. 28, the weather being bitterly cold.

When he returned from the Tennessee campaign Forrest received his commission as Lieutenant-General of cavalry, and engaged in conflict with Wilson's cavalry in the final operations

South Maritime Notoriety. (The Biga (C.) Daily Call.) There is a minister in the "back part of the State," the Rev. James Edwards—who is reaching out for ragtime notoriety by attacking the old soldiers. The denomination he represents is omitted out of respect to those of the same faith in our own community. The utterances of the prominent discipule of the "back part of the State" are too vile to appear in the columns of a respectable newspaper. Because, now and again, an old veteran is found who gives way to his appetite for strong drink and is seen in attendance at the Annual Encampment this preacher is pleased to place the majority of the old heroes in the same class and declares that his patriotism is a thing of the past.

The man, preacher or otherwise, who will give vent to such intemperate utterances is a coward and an ingrate. He forgets that some of the best men in the country to-day, in both public and private life, are those who were the blue and saved the very ground that he unhappily treads to-day.

He is too narrow, also, to learn through statistics or otherwise, that the proportion of the old soldiers who give way to the middle-aged man, if wrong, is no greater than of men in other walks of life, and that we really, if ever, find one who has not an open heart and hand.

The members of the Grand Army organization are so diverse and so numerous that it is impossible to make this distasteful individual and make the temperature for him high enough to remind him of what he may have done for the country, and the salvation that he hypocritically preaches.

Passing of the Hand Car.

(Zion's Herald.) Gradually the gasoline motor is displacing the hand car on the railroads of America. The vision of a roadmaster ensconced on a clumsy hand pump with four stilted legs and a single wheel, working machine has been a familiar sight on railroads for many years. But now, in place of the old grind of the hand pump, the middle-aged man will find a little motor which is readily handled by one man. The new motor car will carry seven or eight men and a goodly amount of tools or passengers. Where the hand car on an even stretch of track would make less than 15 miles an hour, the motor car will make 30 miles. The motors are of simple construction, and do not weigh more than 250 pounds. They have a front seat for the roadmaster, so that he can inspect every foot of the track. They are also equipped with a steering wheel, and the car rests on heavy springs which makes riding just as pleasant as in a passenger coach. The gasoline tank is protected by a heavy plate of steel for more than 250 miles. Each car is equipped with heavy brakes, so that it can be stopped in its own length.

Min-Like. (Grace G. Bostwick, in January Lippincott's.) "Oh, Ma, I hurt my head," said he. "And did you cry?" asked mother. "There wasn't nobody there, so I didn't," said little brother.

GOOD ROADS.

The Agricultural Department's Experiments in Different States.

During the past year the Division of Public Roads, Department of Agriculture, built 21 roads in nine different States, in the construction of which stone, shale, burnt clay, sand, shell, gravel and other materials were used. The reports on these roads show a maximum cost of 98 cents and an average cost of 55 cents per square yard for macadam roads, and an average cost of nine and a half cents per square yard for sand-clay roads. The cost of the burnt-clay road is shown to be 20 cents per square yard, and of the one shell road 34 cents per square yard. Three of the object-lesson roads constructed by the Division during the year were in Ohio, one in Illinois, three in Missouri, one in Kansas, two in Washington, one in Louisiana and seven in Florida.

In the great Mississippi delta experiments have been conducted in the burning of the clay or "gumbo" in order to obtain suitable road material, and the successful results realized from these roads in that State would seem to point to a solution of the good-roads problem. In the preparation of the road for burning it was first plowed up as deep as four miles and a steel plough could break it, from ditch to ditch, a width of 80 feet, after which it was crowned with a road machine. Traverses were then cut across the road four feet apart, and about 12 inches deep, earth being thrown up so as to form ridges between the trenches. The ends of the sticks resting on the tops of the ridges, the intervening trenches forming a series of small basins. Upon this floor of wood was thrown a layer of earth in lumps and clods, so as to form an open layer only partially covering the wood. The wood was then covered with sticks, chips, bark and brush. On the wood was thrown a layer about 40 inches thick of "gumbo" and was partly pulverized. Firing was then begun and continued much the same as with a brick-kiln. After the road was burned it was smoothed down so as to form a proper crown, and was opened for travel. Reports recently received concerning this road show that it only cost one-fourth of "gumbo" road, and that it was as good as the gravel road adjoining it, and will probably last much longer.

Discovery of Great Salt Lake (Continued from Page 1)

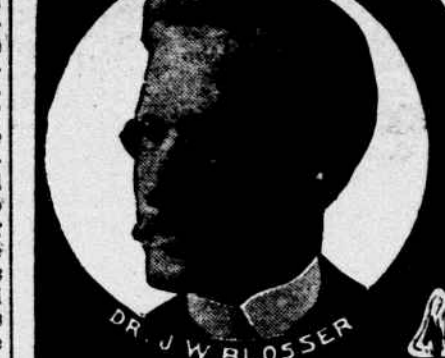
Jim Bridger stands forth as the most conspicuous figure in the history of the glorious reign of the trapper and trail-maker in the Far West. The greatest of them all, and the greatest pathfinder of them all, and possessing the most intimate knowledge of the Indian nation ever vouchsafed a white man, Bridger will grow in stature as time goes on and accurate history is written.

No part of the great Rocky Mountain country held a secret from Jim Bridger. He was the first white man, after John C. Fremont, to see the wonders of Yellowstone Park, and the first to look on Great Salt Lake. Seemingly bearing a charmed life, he wandered through the lands of many Indian tribes, sometimes fighting the red men, but more often living their life and finding the solace of true brotherhood at the lodge fire. Every mountain Jim Bridger climbed, every trail he followed, was written down in the most marvelous memory ever granted a plainsman.

As Jim Bridger's life was full of adventures, he sought the easiest paths over the mountains. Jim Bridger showed them the best trail over the mountains, and when the Chief Engineer of the Union Pacific had well-nigh given up hope of getting his rails across the Divide, it was Jim Bridger who showed the way. A pass which he had traversed years before in his trapping days, and the existence of which no other white man knew, he showed to the Chief Engineer. Gen. Greville M. Dodge, showed his gratitude by rescuing Jim Bridger's body from a neglected grave and interring it in the city of Salt Lake, under an appropriate name. It was the first act of gratitude ever performed for the man who had put the whole Empire of the West in his debt.

A barber shop in Paterson, N. J., has installed a telephone for each barber chair, and the customer can talk on the line or have the barber trim his hair cut. The experiment is said to have been so satisfactory that other shops in the city have had to do the same.

YOU CAN CURE Catarrh Yourself of



While engaged in the general practice of medicine I had many patients suffering from catarrh whom I was unable to cure, although I prescribed for them by the rules taught in medical books and colleges. I saw that the methods of treatment were wrong. I reasoned that as Catarrh is produced by cold and damp air, it should be cured by breathing a warm, medicated vapor.

After nine years of investigation I discovered a combination of healing herbs, leaves and flowers, which when inhaled, and the warm, healing vapor is carried directly to the very parts affected. This remedy cures Catarrh where liquid sprays, douches, and medicated creams cannot possibly do.

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It will cure ninety-five in every one hundred cases.

My discovery proved so successful that I was obliged to give up my general practice and for thirty-one years have made Catarrh my specialty.

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The full treatment is not expensive. The regular package containing enough to last one whole month is sent by mail postpaid for \$1.00. I will send you my special labors, or my patients to get the medicine from my laboratory or from my special local agents.

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Write To-day. Address Dr. J. W. Blosser, 320 Walton St., Atlanta, Ga.

SAFEST SEAT IN THE TRAIN.

How to Travel With the Least Possibility of Accident. (Everybody's Magazine.)

Timid persons shun the last car, at least for a week or two after reading about some deadly "rear-end" accident; and the first car from fear of a "head-on" collision. They practice the old maxim, "In the middle you will be safest," and stick to the middle of the train. A "scientific gent" has just demonstrated, after much brow-furrowing calculation, that a seat in the middle of the last car but one is the safest. Thus does science verify, with great parade, the conclusions of the non-scientific. Accidents are so diverse and so numerous that it is impossible to make this distasteful individual and make the temperature for him high enough to remind him of what he may have done for the country, and the salvation that he hypocritically preaches.

On a Cash Basis. (January Lippincott's.)

An eminent physician in P— had cured a little child of a dangerous illness. The grateful mother turned her steps towards the house of her son's savior.

"Doctor," she said, "there are some things which cannot be repaid. I really don't know how to express my gratitude. I thought you would, perhaps, be so kind as to accept this purse, embroidered by my own hand."

"Madam," replied the Doctor coldly, "Medicine is no trivial affair, and our visits are to be rewarded only in money. Small presents serve to sustain friendships, but they do not sustain our families."

"But, Doctor," said the lady, alarmed and wounded, "speak—tell me the fee." "Two hundred dollars, Madam."

The lady opened the embroidered purse, took out five bank-notes of \$20 each, gave two to the Doctor, put the remaining three back in the purse, bowed coldly, and took her departure.

Not the Christmas Spirit. (The 169th N. Y.)

"It isn't the present—it's the spirit," said an old man, the millionaire miner of Goldfields, apropos of Christmas.

"I was in a bric-a-brac shop last January, and something that took place there has been on my mind ever since. The Christmas spirit is not the proper one."

He was talking to the proprietor. One of the clerks stepped up excitedly, his eyes beaming with the hope of a big sale.

"Say boss," he whispered, "give me the key to the safe. There's a lady wants a solitary suit like the one she has on. She thinks it will be fun to have two rings alike."

The proprietor did not bring forth the key. He only shook his head and said, sadly:

"Don't waste any time on her. The key to the safe. There's a lady wants a solitary suit like the one she has on. She thinks it will be fun to have two rings alike."

The 169th N. Y. was organized at New York City and Troy in September and October, 1862, and mustered out July 19, 1865. It was one of the fighting regiments and lost out of a total enrollment of 1,467, 157 killed, 23 died in rebel prisons and 105 from disease.

It belonged to Drake's Brigade, Ames's Division, Tenth Corps, Army of the James. The first Colonel was Clarence Buell, who was succeeded by Col. John McCombie, who was brevetted a Brigadier-General and killed at Cold Harbor. He was succeeded by Col. Morton Alden.—Editor National Tribune.

PROFESSIONAL SHARK-HUNTERS.

Descendants of Vikings Make Up Crews for the Work. (Pearson's Magazine.)

The strictly commercial business of shark hunting is done in small sloops, whose headquarters are in the more northerly Norwegian ports. The crews are for the most part made up of pure-blooded descendants of the Vikings, who are still to be found in any number among the codfishers of Hammerfest and Tromsø. And a magnificent supply of ground bait is thrown out from boyhood to a life of hardship, they have a way of treating Father Neptune with a slightly contemptuous tolerance. I ask, how is it possible that what uncertain temper, whose rapid changes from smiling benevolence to blustering anger are on the whole rather amusing than otherwise, and who are nothing for danger and little for suffering—in themselves or in others. Why, then, should they stop to think that perhaps a maimed but sturdy fisherman will have his life's fish hooked and fighting for life all at the same time.

There is no "playing" the fish; it is not necessary or possible, and the poor tackle is likely to break. No matter how fiercely the hooked shark may struggle. But the shark is not, for his size, a game fish; and, except when he is actually being hoisted up out of the water, there is no very serious strain on the tackle. If he does now and then get away it is not because of ever managed to break the line, but because a lightly fixed hook easily tears through the soft cartilaginous skeleton of his head, and so sets him free.

As a shark has taken one of the baits the hauling tackle attached to his particular gillows is manned, and without any superfluous fuss or ceremony he is hauled up to the sloop and hoisted just clear of the water.

He is not brought on board at all, but with a few bold slashes his liver is cut out, and he is then hoisted into a tub, to be further dealt with later. Then his eyes are put out and he is cut adrift—to go and complete the tardy process of dying where and how he pleases.

All this sounds very horrible, but there is one curious fact which goes far to make us believe that this death cannot, after all, be such a cruel one as at first appears. It is this, the fishermen say, that unless they put out the shark's eyes he will afterward cause them lot of trouble by coming and taking the bait a second time.

It sounds incredible, but the statement is thoroughly well authenticated by eye witnesses who have seen a live shark do just this thing. Scientists, doubtless, are right in saying that the shark (which by anatomical classification is one of the lowest of the fishes) does not feel pain in the way more highly organized animals feel it. We will cling to that belief, for it is consoling—to us, if not to the shark.

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who is thus sacrificed that his liver may supply us with what?

If a secret had to be spoken aloud, Norway is one of the great cod fish trade, and from cod is made cod liver oil, and—shark's liver oil tastes and looks exactly like it.

THE BOSTON CORBETT CONTROVERSY.

H. B. Van Velsor Gives Some Interesting Data, and Makes a Defense for Him.

Editor National Tribune: In reference to Jacob A. John's letter concerning Boston Corbett, I am not as yet entirely convinced that Corbett escaped punishment altogether for abandoning his post.

I am not mistaken in the least as to the circumstances, although I can not recall the date, except that from other events which occurred both before and after it would place the date approximately in the middle of July, 1861, while the 12th N. Y. lay at Charles town, Va., and I very well remember that for some reason connected with Corbett's abandonment of his post I was overlooked and allowed to remain unmolested for more than four hours, instead of the usual two hours. How is it possible, then, that a man guilty of such a serious offense, jeopardizing his very life at the hands of a court-martial—I ask, how is it possible that he could or should have gone unpunished, as indicated by the honorable discharge from his service in Co. I, 12th N. Y.?

I do not think that the records on file at Washington would give the exact information.

I knew Corbett fairly well, and my opinion is that he was a good enough fellow, and that he was not a deserter, but erratic and morbid over real or imaginary troubles. He no doubt had some idea of vindicating himself, as evidenced by the story of his grunting Col. Dan Butterfield to order during a dress parade in Washington, D. C., in June, 1861. To the best of my recollection Corbett did this after pondering over a previous refusal of a reproof from Col. Butterfield to himself.

Thanking Comrade John and The National Tribune, and hoping to hear from other sources on the subject, I am in abeyance.—H. B. Van Velsor, Co. I, 12th N. Y., and Co. H, 2d N. J., 4211 Michigan Ave., Chicago, Ill.

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